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The Singing Kit

Long ago

Before there was you and me

There were cats of Drenchclan

That ruled our lands

Loyal creatures they were

For when their ruthless leader gave the word

They did not hesitate

Now, do not fret

There is no such thing anymore

You see it was all destroyed by one cat

Well, by two you could say

But the name we know the best

Is of the wise Crowshade

With fur of black

And a heart of gold

She tended to stray

From her leaders rules

One day as she walked

Through the always silent forest

She stumbled upon a small fur ball

That shined yellow so brilliantly

It stated up at her

With eyes of the dark skies

A small smile appearing on Crowshade

Making her feel glee again

But there was something not right

For when Crowshade would speak

The kit looked at her blankly

As if the words she said

Made no sense at all

Though it could hear quite well

For whenever a bird would flutter

The kits fur would fluff out

Crowshade came to the conclusion

That this small kit could not speak

In the tongue of cat

So she pondered how to communicate

Once while she was singing

The songs her mother used to sing to her

The kit repeated after her

Astonished, she tried again

And the kit did the same

The black cat then grinned

As a thought popped into her mind

And soon after

She began to teach the kit with songs

Crowshade came to the same spot every day at the same time

To teach the kit more

Such little things as where she slept

"Up in her nest, the crow lays to rest"

And where fish swam

"Down to the creek, the fish swim to meet."

But word got out about their lessons

Perking the ears of the ruthless leader

He snarled at the thought

And sent a patrol to dispose of Crowshade

But once the black she-cat had heard

She ran into hiding

Unable to find the kit herself

The small kit was taken by these cats

Thrown into a cage

To be tortured until they got their answer

Of where Crowshade hid

Each time they'd ask

The kit would just reply melodically

"Up in her nest, the Crow lays to rest"

Causing more anger to fuel in the cats

As they beat the kit mercilessly

As days past

Crowshade finally made her Attack

By convincing rouges and wanderers

To fight on her side

As they fought

She ran to the cage

Only to find a terrible sight

The kit lay quietly

Blood spattered over its golden fur

It's mouth gaped open

As if before it died

It was trying to sing

Kits Of Stones

A long time ago

Before you even touched these grounds

There was a new queen

Finchswoop as they called her

Who had just found news

Have her kits to come

Overjoyed, she ran to her mate

A gray ruthless cat named Stoneroller

He however, was much less happy

The occasion causing him to be angered

The new queen was shocked

As he told her

"Get rid of them before I do!"

Her body froze up

Oh, how all that joy slowly shifted into depression

She loved him deeply

And did not want to upset him

But she wanted to have these kits more

Soon after, he died after a fox attack

She felt much grief

But was somewhat relieved her kits wouldn't meet their unloving father

Moons passed

And very soon, she had her kits

Four beautiful bundles of fur

She licked each ones head

And in her heart and out loud promised

"I'll protect you all..."

Alas, that promise didn't live long.

As when she awoke the next day

She found her kits to be gone

Desperate, the queen called out

She looked around in panic

Before letting out a shrill scream

For there laid her kits

Bodies stained with Crimson

Small stones around their bodies

The Rabbit's Paw

Though this tale may seem fake

I can assure it all happened

Once in the span of time

There was a scrawny rouge

Who had no family or friends

Most had starved

Or were taken by the cold

The rouge laid in a small box

To protect himself from the cold winds

That buffeted passing twolegs

And the occasional loner

He felt his eyes shut

His paws were freezing to the point of numbness

But soon his left paw grew heated

So he opened his eyes a little

To his surprise, a rabbit laid on his paw

Still breathing and warm

He couldn't help but let a purr escape him

As he shut his eyes again

As soon as the sun rose

Something pressed against his muzzle

When he awoke he looked down

Seeing a large curled leaf filled with rain water

The rabbit sat in front of him

Nudging it closer to his mouth

Only pausing when he took a sip

Many days passed as the rouge got weaker

Unable to hunt for himself

The rabbit looked at his ribs that stuck out

Before rolling onto its stomach

It laid itself in front of him

Staring into his widened eyes

As it presented itself as a meal to him

The rouge at first turned his head away

Not wanting to kill the thing that has helped him

But his instincts took over

And soon the rabbit was bones

He left one thing alone

The rabbits left paw

Which he hung around his neck

By using a long string he found

The rabbits foot dangled from his neck

Leaving twolegs and cats staring as he passed

The cat who never touched

A rabbit ever again

Matted Fur

Some terrible things

Happen because of fear

Because we want to protect things

That are already lost

It's not our faults

So do not whimper

One cat who's tale cut short

Was known as Face of Faded

A rather young queen at the time

And recently injured

She was temporarily blinded

By the eyes of a monster

Though she could not see them

She could purr at the sound of their mewling and soft squeaks

She loved every one of them

Pressing them close for the night

Who no one knew

Would turn so dark

She awoke to the sound

Of scuffling and squeaking

Her ears flattened soon

As she smelled the familiar scent

Her heart was said to have lurched

At the sound of rats dragging her kits

Out of the den

And far away

Even though she could not see

She still got up and chased after them

Not minding the several times she fell

And her pads scratched against stones

Soon she had managed to get one under her paw

With no mercy

She tore into the squeaking flea bag

Before pouncing at the next squeak she heard

No effort needed

A cracking sound like one of a twig

Told her that rat was no more

As she caught the last one

She felt wetness on her paws

As the water from the stream greeted her

She plunged the squirming pelt under the water

Feeling it's motions weaken

Before finally it grew limp

She sat back

A long breath escaping her

As she slowly began to recover from her blindness

Eager to finally see her mewling kits, she looked around

And froze in place

The rats had dragged them here

But they had fled once they made it

Under her laid the matted fur

Of one of her now lifeless kits.

Your Flames <TBTBU>

What an annoyance this one is
Such a twisted tongue
But I guess it matches those arrogant eyes

Don't glare at me
You've brought this upon yourself
Who could've imagined
The fire survivor would turn out like this

Don't you remember?
The flames that took everything away?
Your family? Your friends?
The flames you control now

Why do you falter?
You know it's true
They're all dead due to your weak mind
If only if you could've controlled it back then...

You never liked them, right?
You burned that place down
You felt nothing
You never have

Your veins are cold
But your flames leave burns
You just break all the things you touch
Why won't you just disappear?

You still can't place my voice
I never expected you to
Just keep doing whatever you think your doing
I can't keep you from killing everyone

That clouded cat is weak
That's why you kept her around for so long

She'll die soon
You'll be the reason.

She'll cry out for you
But you're leave that corrupted mind to die
Won't you?
Molly?